

STORIES OF THE ARMY AND NAVY

MILITARY

APRIL
No.9

COMICS

10¢

THIS
MONTH JOIN
The SNIPER
IN TRACKING DOWN
ANOTHER NAZI
FIEND

and

Featuring
BLACKHAWK

in

**"The Man
in the
Iron Mask"**

BASED IN THE
BELLEFLEUR
CASTLE IN
FRANCE

TRAPPED WITHIN ITS
MURKY REVERIES ARE
THE BLACKHAWKS

AND OUT OF THE
SHADOWS BEHIND
THEM STEPS THE
MAN IN THE IRON MASK





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Name _____

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City _____ State _____

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ARMYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1

BLACKHAWK

A GHOST FROM THE PAST
GLOOMS INTO THE LIVES OF
THE BLACKHAWKS AND RUNS
ROD THROUGH THE WALLS
OF THE NAZI STRONGHOLD,
AS THE MAN IN THE IRON
MASK!

WHO IS HE?



Chas. G. ...

Most of you will remember the tragic loss suffered by the **Blackhawks** when **Andre**, the brave, gay Frenchman, hurled his body down a mountain side, causing a landslide which crushed an entire Nazi division, saving the lives of the **Blackhawks**, and the lives of thousands of wounded soldiers! It is now six months since Andre's heroic sacrifice

DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS OF JUGOSLAVIA, THE RUMBLE AND ROAR OF THUNDER ECHOES AND RE-BOYES FROM THE HEATHER-CROUVEN WALLS OF AN AGE OLD CASTLE ---- WHILE ----



--FAR BELOW, ON A TINY LEDGE, A FLASH OF LIGHTNING REVEALS A BAND OF SILENT MEN, STANDING STIFFLY AT ATTENTION IN THE GATHERING STORM ----



THEY ARE THE **Blackhawks**!

MEN, IT WAS HERE THAT WE SAW BRAVE ANDRE DIE -- TO SAVE OUR LIVES AND THE LIVES OF MANY OTHERS!!



AFTER STOPPING BULLETS INTENDED FOR ME HE LEAPED TO HIS DEATH, SACRIFICING HIS LIFE FOR YOURS--AND MINE! ... AND SO TODAY, ON WHAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN HIS BIRTHDAY WE PAY A LAST TRIBUTE--



--TO A TRUE **BLACKHAWK!!** ANDRE!!



AS THE **Blackhawks** TURN TO WALK TO THEIR PLANES, THE STORM BREAKS IN SAVAGE FURY!!



WHEN! LOOK AT THAT RAIN! WHAT A STORM!!

WE CAN'T TAKE OFF IN THIS!! MAKE A RUN FOR THE OLD CASTLE!

HA! I AM WET! LOOK LIKE NO ONE LIVE HERE!

CAN'T TELL! YOU AND I HAD BETTER GO IN AND LOOK AROUND OLAF!



BE BACK IN A JIFFY, FELLOWS!!

ALLER TIME LEP' BEHIN'!!



MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE GREAT CASTLE.....

NOBODY HERE---I GO CALL REBT!

WAIT, OLAF! LOOKS TO ME LIKE SOME-ONE'S BEEN HERE--AND RECENTLY!

LOOK HERE OLAF! FOOTPRINTS IN THE DUST!

YAH! YOU ARE RIGHT!

AN' DEY ARE BOOTPRINTS--DOT MEANS---

BLACK-HAWK!!

WHAT, THE--- WHERE DID---

BLACKHAWK!! YOU MUST LEAVE HERE AT ONCE!

BUT--- WHO ARE---

PLEASE! DO NOT ARGUE! YOU ARE IN NAZI REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS! GO AND LUCK BE WITH YOU!

WAIT! I--- HE'S GONE!

BLACKHAWK! LOOK!!

DEB BLACK-HAWKS! GUARDS! GUARDS!!

COME! DIS IS GOOD TIME TO LEAVE!

NICE OF THAT CHAP TO--- OOH--- HERE'S TROUBLE!!

IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO ESCAPE, THE TWO MIGHTY *Blackhawks* BLAST INTO THE SWARM OF NAZIS, BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO GREAT!

SEIZE DEM! I WANT DEM ALIVE!!

HEAD FOR THE BRIDGE, OLAF!

NA!! I TAKE TEN--- YOU TAKE THE REST!!

AND SO, A MOMENT LATER....

WELL!! MYA
GENERAL,
HOW'S
TRICKS!BLACKHAWK!!
HA! BLACK DOG
IS MORE LIKE IT!!
TELL ME! WHOM
WERE YOU TALKING
TO WHEN I CAME IN?NOW YOU'VE
GOT ME,
GENERAL!
SOME
FRIENDLY
FELLOW
IN A TIN
HAT!!OWEE!!
THE MAN
IN THE
IRON
MASK!!
FRITZ! YOU
SAID HE WAS
DEAD!!JA, MINE
GENERAL! I
SHOT HIM,
AND HE FELL
FROM THE
WALL..
UUUUGHFOOL!
YOU ARE TOO
STUPID
TO LIVE!!QUICKLY!!
SEND MEN TO
SEARCH FOR
HIM!! AND
WATCH FOR DER
BLACKHAWK!!
WHERE THERE IS
ONE THERE WILL
BE MORE!!ER-PARDON,
GENERAL!
BUT WHO
IS THIS
MASKED
MAN?THE
PEASANTS
CALL HIM IRON
FACE--- THEY
THINK HE'S A
GHOST SENT
TO PLAGUE US--
A JOKE, NO?HE
SCARES
YOU, EH,
GENERAL!SCARES ME?! HERMAN,
VON EDEL---? PANI!
I WILL SHOW
YOU---HERR
OSSERST--THE
WHIP!!MEANWHILE...
OUTSIDE...OHON, LET'S
SEE HOW
BLACKHAWK
IS DOING!!VELLY
GOOD IDEA!
AM GETTING
SLOAKED!!

UP INSIDE THE TOWER, TWO NAZI SENTRIES SLOAT....

HAW! WHAT A
SURPRISE THEY
WILL GET,
NO?JA! WHEN I PULL
THE LEVER, LIKE
THIS....

WITH SPEED SURPRISING FOR ITS APPARENT AGE, THE
DRAWBRIDGE FLASHES UP!!

OOPS! LOOK
OUT, BLACK-
HAWKS!!

HEY! WE'RE
SLIDING
TOWARDS THAT
HOLE!!

哇哇哇!!
CUT-OUT!
STOP! YOW!!
SPUNTER!!



SHOOTING INTO THE HOLE,
ALL IS INKY BLACKNESS FOR
A MOMENT.....

WHEN! CONEY
BLAND!!
OH!!

HERE WE
COME --
READY? OR
NOT!!



AND THEN.....

AAA! THE
BARBAIN
BASEMENT!!

OOMPS!!
本自为!!
FORTUNATE
CHOPS GOT
VELLY BOUNCY
BOTTOM

LOOKS LIKE
WE'RE IN A
A FINE
PICKLE!!
TRAPPED!!

HA HA HA!
DER GREAT
BLACKHAWKS!!



NAZIS!!
WHY,
YOU...

NO, NO! I MUST
TELL THE GENERAL!!
HA HA HA ---



MEANWHILE, ABOVE.....

SO! I GET EVEN
FOR MY TEN
THOUSAND MEN!!
WHERE ARE DER
REST OF YOU,
BLACKHAWK??

EASY THERE!
YOUR NOSE
IS ALL RED,
GENERAL!

OUMKOPF!!
I WILL MAKE
YOU TALK! AND
THEN I KILL
EVERY BLACK-
HAWK!!

GENERAL!!
WE HAVE
CAUGHT
THEM... THE
BLACK-
HAWKS!!



MY MEN!
YOU RATS!
IF YOU--

HA HA HA!
I MUST
ENTERTAIN
THEM! EXECUTE
THESE TWO!!
GOODBYE, BLACKHAWK!
HA, HA, HA!!









AS THE BLACKHAWKS DISAPPEAR, THE MAN IN IRON MASK TURNS SADLY AWAY... BUT SUDDENLY...



A SECOND LATER.....

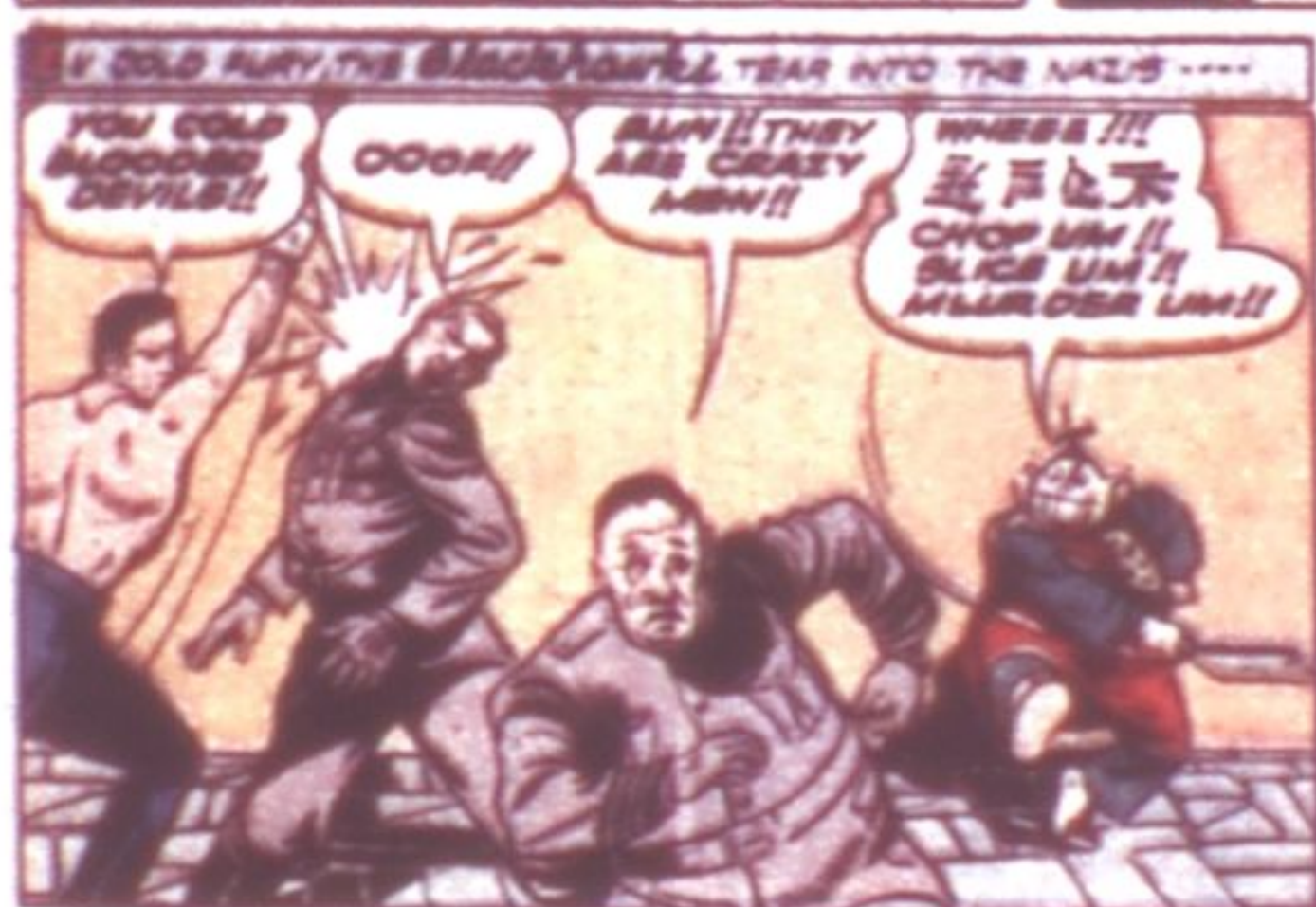


MEANWHILE, THE BLACKHAWKS REACH THE TUNNEL MOUTH....



BUT AS THEY OPEN THE HIDDEN PANEL.....







LATER, AT BLACKHAWK
ISLAND....



THE *Blackhawks* GATHER
AROUND THE PLANE....

GENTLEMEN, THIS IS DR. FRITZ VON RATH, THE GREATEST PLASTIC SURGEON IN THE WORLD!! I BROUGHT HIM FROM A CONCENTRATION CAMP... TO FIX ANDRE'S FACE!!



DOCTOR... CAN YOU... IS THERE ANY HOPE FOR A FACE LIKE THIS?!



HA, HA, HE HE!! WHAT A FUNNY FACE!! I LIKE THAT! IT MAKES ME LAUGH!! NA HA NA!!

HE... HE'S MAD!!



TAKE HIM TO THE HOUSE, QUICKLY!!

HA HA HA! FUNNY FACE!! NA HA!

HE... LAUGHS AT ME! HE LAUGHS!



DON'T WORRY, ANDRE! THE HORRORS OF THE CONCENTRATION CAMP HAVE WEAKENED HIS MIND... BUT WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM... TREAT HIM LIKE A BABY! IN A MONTH, HE'LL BE WELL... AND SO WILL YOU!!



IN ONE MONTH, ANDRE'S FATE WILL BE DECIDED.... WILL HE AGAIN BE HIS HANDSOME, CAREFREE SELF?

WILL HE BE FORCED TO SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE IN A HORRIBLE, CUMBERSOME, MASK?

OR IS HE DESTINED TO WEAR ANOTHER, A NEW, STRANGE FACE? ONLY TIME CAN TELL....



DON'T MISS NEXT MONTH'S THRILLING STORY OF THE *Blackhawks*!!

HMM-- COULD STOP HIM NOW-- BUT-- WHAT'S HE UP TO?-- THERE IS ONE WAY TO FIND OUT-- TO STALK HIM.

KNOWING NO BARRIERS-- FEARING NO ODDS-- A SOLITARY MAN-- WHOSE EYES WATCH THE GREAT CATS OF THE JUNGLE IN THEIR KEENNESS-- TIRELESSLY STALKS HIS HUMAN PREY! PARIS-- BERLIN-- LONDON-- ALL THE GREAT CASTLES ARE THIS MAN'S HUNTING GROUND. AS HE CONTINUES HIS ONE-MAN WARFARE AGAINST THE VILLAINS OF THE WORLD-- FOR THIS MAN, WHO ALWAYS CARRIES ALONG HIM WITH TELESCOPIC SIGHTS IS THE SNIPER!!

BLENDING WITH EVENING SHADOWS THE SNIPER PADS SILENTLY AFTER HIS PREY-- THRU WAR-TORN LONDON-- AND THEN TO AN ORPHAN ASYLUM.

YOUR IDEA IS WONDERFUL, LORD PERKINS-- THE CHILDREN WILL BE SO SAFE--

THE CHILDREN WILL LOVE LIVING AT YOUR CASTLE, LORD PERKINS--

YES, MISS BLAKE! ENGLAND'S CHILDREN MUST BE PROTECTED-- AND I'LL GET THE BEST DOCTOR IN LONDON TO LIVE AT THE CASTLE WITH THEM!

WHO IS THIS MAN?... WHY IS THIS ATTACKER OF AN ENGLISH SOLDIER OFFERING A HAVEN TO THE ORPHANS OF BOMB-SOBBED LONDON? LET'S FOLLOW HIM-- TRACK HIM-- TO THE DOCTOR HE MENTIONED!



ALL YES!
AND WHAT...
ER, BRINGS
YOU HERE?

GOOD DAY,
DOCTOR BLOCK--
I AM LORD
PERKINS!!



IT'S MY
WRIST!...
I WISH YOU'D
LOOK
AT IT!

CERTAINLY,
YOUR LORDSHIP...
BUT FIRST
I WILL
CLEANSE IT!



AS THE SATURATED
COTTON TOUCHES THE
WRIST--

HAHA--MY DIAGNOSIS
IS--THAT THE
PLAN IS A
SUCCESS!



SUDDENLY--FACES BECOME STIFF
WITH FEAR AS THE HUNTER
CONFRONTS HIS PREY!

WHO--
EH--THE--
THE
SNIPER!

COULD IT BE
THAT YOUR
DIAGNOSIS IS
WRONG,
DOCTOR?



BLOCK'S HAND SHAKES INTO HIS
JACKET AND--

THIS
TIME MY
BULLET
WILL BE
FIRST!



THE SNIPER'S TRIGGER-FINGER TWITCHES!

GOOD BYE,
SN--UH!



DON'T
WORRY,
BLOCK, THIS
WILL TAKE
CARE OF THE
SNIPER!

ONE SECOND LATER---OUTSIDE
THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE!



WHAT
HAPPENED,
GENTLEMAN?



HE DID?
WELL ILL-UP!
TH-THERE'S
NOBODY
HERE!

GONE, BUT
DOCTOR BLOKK,
I THINK WE'D
BETTER HURRY
WITH OUR
WORK-



NEXT DAY--MANY MILES FROM LONDON--



OH--YES, LORD
PERKINS MENTIONED
YOU! AND NOW I'LL
SAY GOODBYE TO
THAT WONDERFUL
--WONDERFUL
MAN!

WHAT A LOVELY
PLACE--SO BEAUTI-
FUL--DOES THAT
DEANBRIDGE
RAISE YOUR
LORDSHIP?

NO--THE
BOLTS HAVE
BEEN RUSTED
FOR FIVE
HUNDRED
YEARS!



MY! WE'RE
GOING TO LIVE
IN A REAL
CASTLE!

RUSTED FOR FIVE HUNDRED YEARS,
AND YET, LATE THAT NIGHT
OILED HINGES MOVE NOISELESSLY
AND THE DEANBRIDGE RISES---



--AS A CAPED FIGURE SPEEDS
THRU THE NIGHT AND--

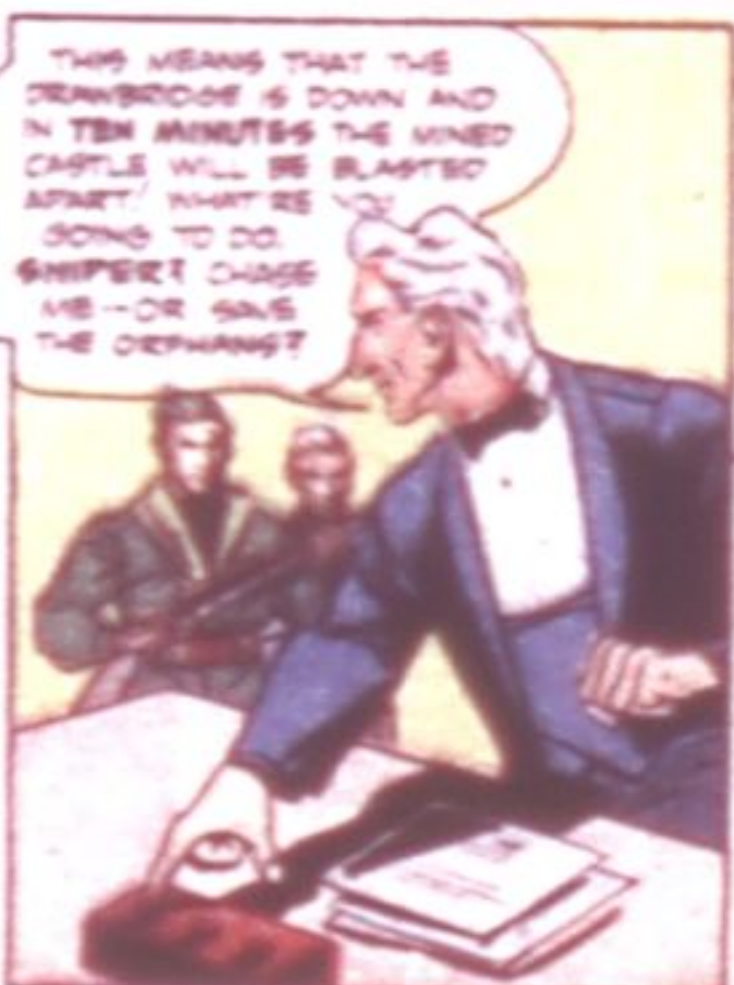


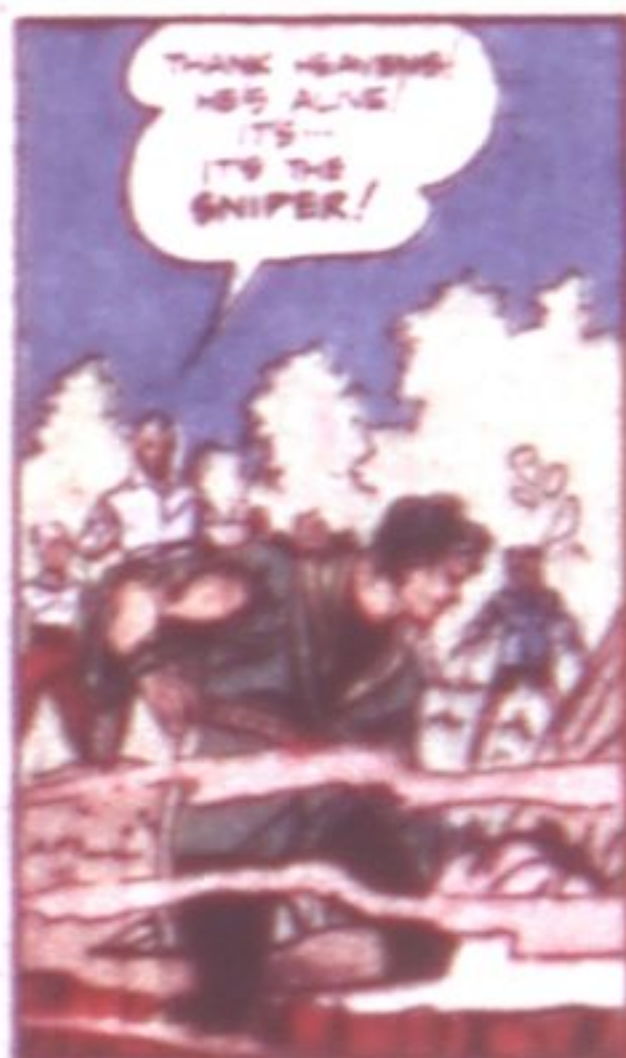
MUSTN'T DISTURB
THE CHILDREN
YET! AH! THOSE
VOICES! THEY
COME FROM
NEXT DOOR!

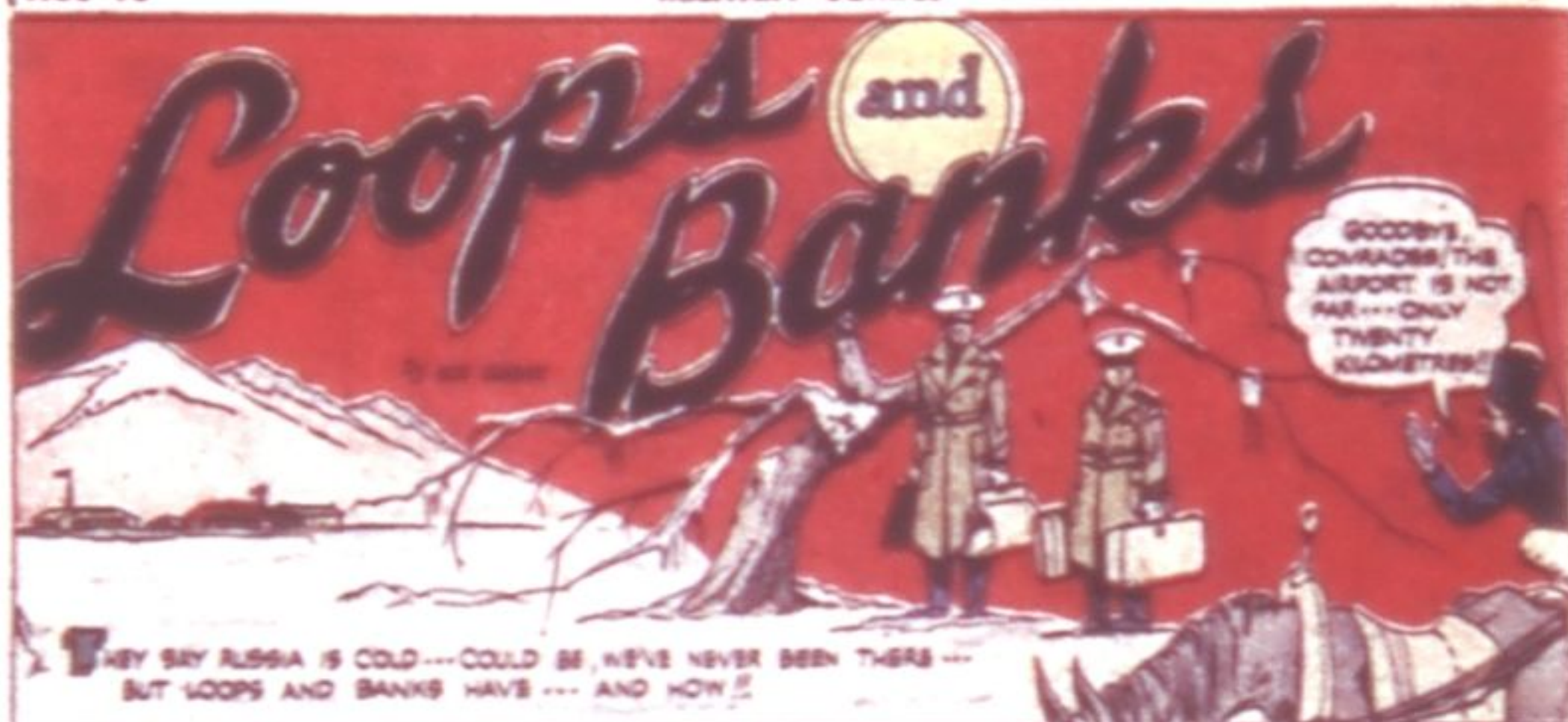
HELLO,
OPERATOR--
GET ME
THE PRIME
MINISTER
IN LONDON!









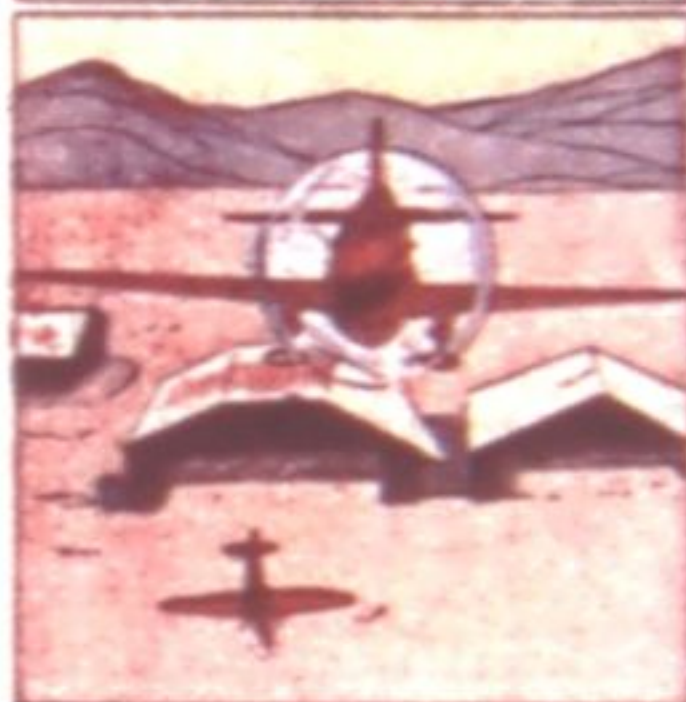








EDITOR'S NOTE: THE FOLLOWING IS
A RUNNING ACCOUNT OF THE
BATTLE AS TAKEN FROM THE
REPORT OF LIEUT. BANKS
BARROWS ----



LOOPS AND I
OVERTOOK THE
ENEMY IN ABOUT
TEN MINUTES --



ACCORDING TO PREVIOUS AGREEMENT I STAYED
ALOFT, WHILE LOOPS PEELLED OFF AND DOVE --



THE ENEMY SAW HIM COMING,
AND MADE A QUICK
IMMELMAN TURN --



BUT LOOPS FOLLOWED CLOSELY
AND MANAGED TO GET ABOVE
AND BEHIND --



LOOPS THEN FIRED TWO TEN
SECOND BURSTS AND HIT THE
COCKPIT --



WE WERE JUST ABOUT TO RETURN WHEN SIX HEINKEL'S ATTACKED
US! MY FIRST BURST HIT THE GAS TANK OF ONE AND BLEW IT APART!



LOOPS MEANWHILE GOT ANOTHER
AND I GOT A SECOND PLANE---



AS I WAS GOING AFTER A
THIRD I FAILED TO SEE A
HENKEL CAME UP DIRECTLY
BELOW ME ----



WE LET GO A SHORT BURST THAT
NICKED ME IN A MOST UN-
COMFORTABLE PLACE ---



BEFORE HE COULD FIRE AGAIN
A FLIGHT OF RUSSIANS
APPROACHED ---



REALIZING THEIR DANGER, THE
ENEMY TURNED AND FLED,
BUT ONLY TWO OF THE ORIGINAL
SIX GOT BACK ----



WE FOUND OUT THAT THE
RUSSIANS WERE FROM OUR
AIRPORT, SO WE FORMED A 'V'
AND FLEW BACK ---



WE LANDED
A FEW
MINUTES
LATER AND
RUSHED TO
THE HOSPITAL!
(END OF LT.
BANKS BARRON'S
ACCOUNT)



HI, OLSA ---
HOW DO --- or
H---H---HELLO,
C---C---C---COLONEL!



YOU BLITHERING IDIOTS!!
I TOLD YOU
NOT TO
FLY!! I
OUGHT---

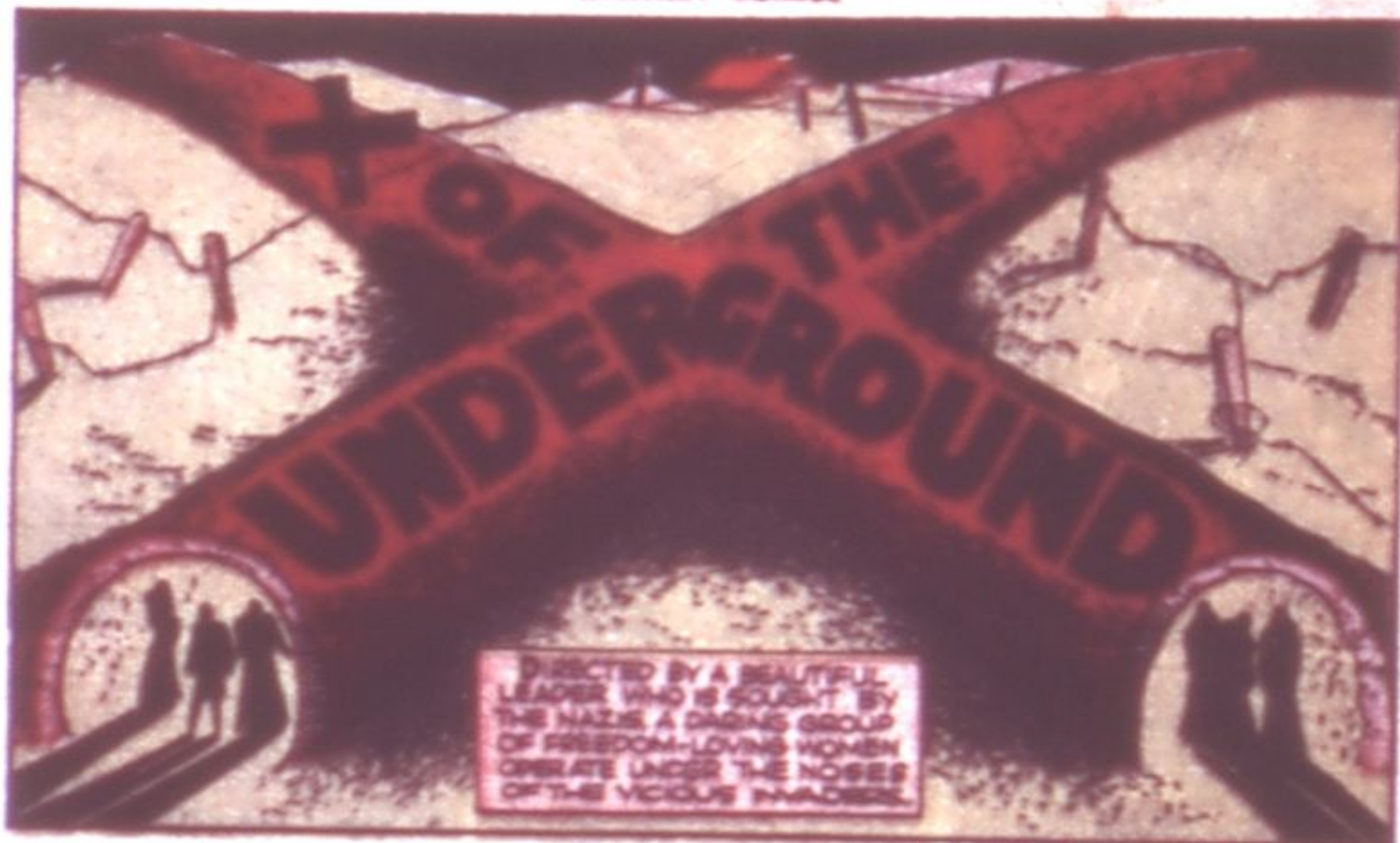


OH, PLEASE
DON'T SCOLD
THEM / THEY
ONLY DID IT
FOR ME!!

WELL --- HRRMMPH --- ALL RIGHT,
OLSA --- HA HA HA --- I GUESS WE
SHOWED THOSE LUGS HOW THE
THE AMERICANS FIGHT, EH, BOYS?

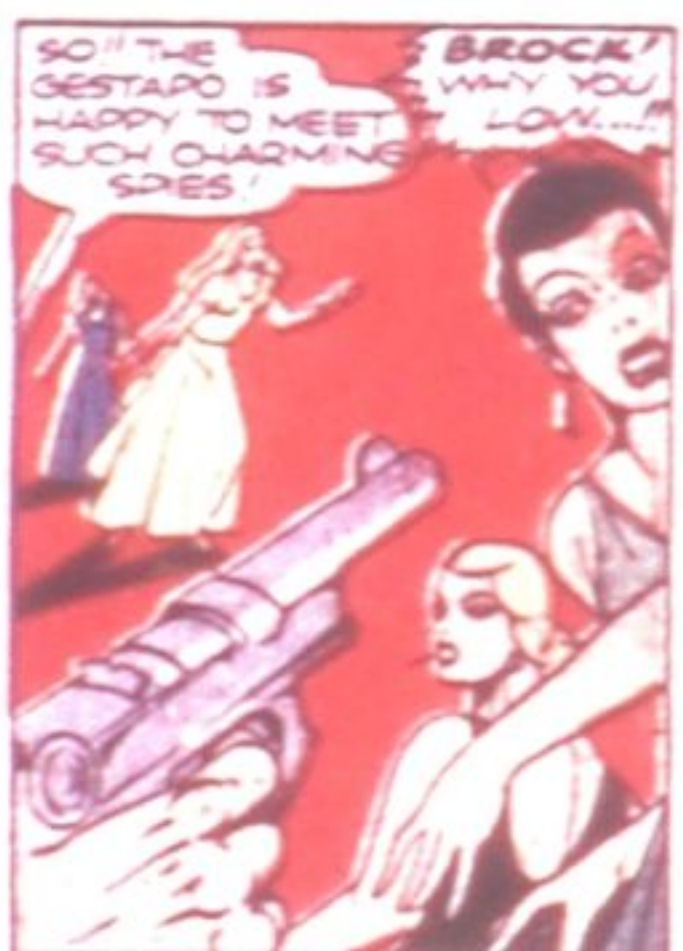


YES,
SIR!!











Follow X Of The Underground in the next issue of MILITARY COMICS

LIKE A PEARL IN AN OYSTER, LIES BAGHDAD IN THE DESERT WASTES OF IRAQ. THERE OUR TWO FUMBLING CAVALIERS ADD ANOTHER BLUNDERING CHAPTER TO THE RECORD OF THEIR MISADVENTURES.

"Behold... it is written in the sands... Linger not in pursuit of selfish pleasures, but be on thy way... See, the furrowed mound gives warning... squander not thy worldly goods in yon den of nocturnal revels for it will avail you naught but bodily harm... yea, and twice-fold! Ancient my palm with silver and you shall hear more...."



BUT COL. SAM SHOT AND HIS SIDEKICK, SLIM SHELL, PAY NO HEED... SOON, THEY ARE WITHIN THE NOISY CAFE WATCHING THE FLOOR SHOW...





THE BOUNDER TOOK THE ROSE AND THE NOTE... BUT THERE IS THE ALADDIN INN RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET...



WHAT TIME IS IT, PAL?

Ten o'clock, chum...



Take heed, o unbelievers, enter not yon hostelry. See, the sand simmers and erupts... cross my palm with nickel... and avoid the cataclysm.

NUTS! OLD MOSS-FACE SHOULD TAKE A FLING AT THE PONIES...



MEANWHILE... ROOM 7... ALADDIN INN...

THUS! THEY CAN NO LONGER DRAIN OIL FROM OUR LAND WHEN WE DYNAMITE THE PIPE LINES AT VARIOUS POINTS. THE BRITISH WAR MACHINE WILL BE IN DIRE STRAITS!



OPEN THE PORTALS, DAMSEL... I AM HERE... TO REGALE YOU WITH JOLLY TALES OF THE OCCIDENT!!



KNOCK
KNOCK

EGAD! THE GIRL IS POPULAR!



AND WE AIN'T!



IT IS THEIR MISFORTUNE TO HAVE DISCOVERED US! WE WILL TIE STICKS OF DYNAMITE TO THEM AND BLOW THEM UP WITH THE PIPES... THEIR REMAINS WILL ADD CONFUSION TO THE INVESTIGATION...

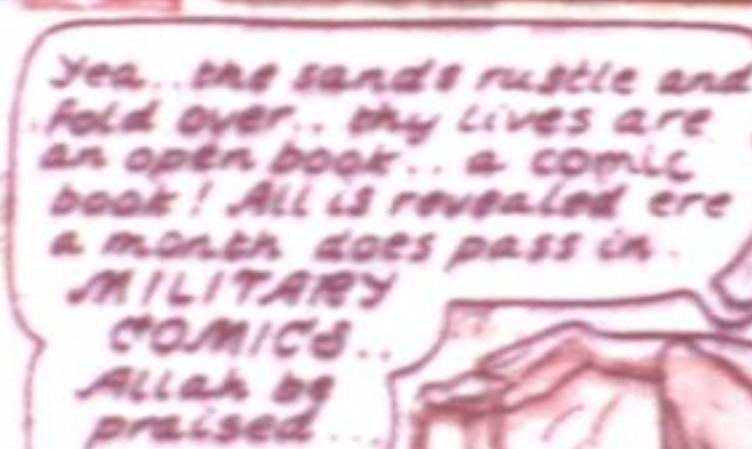
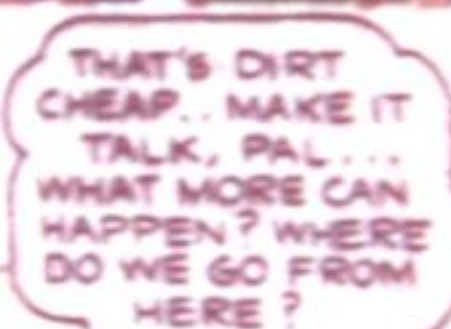
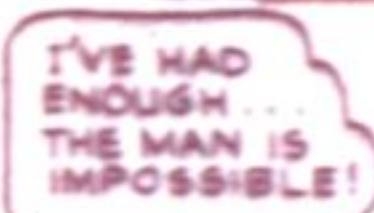
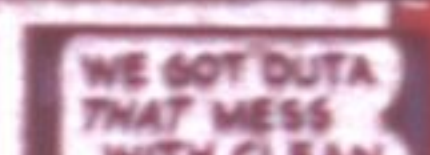
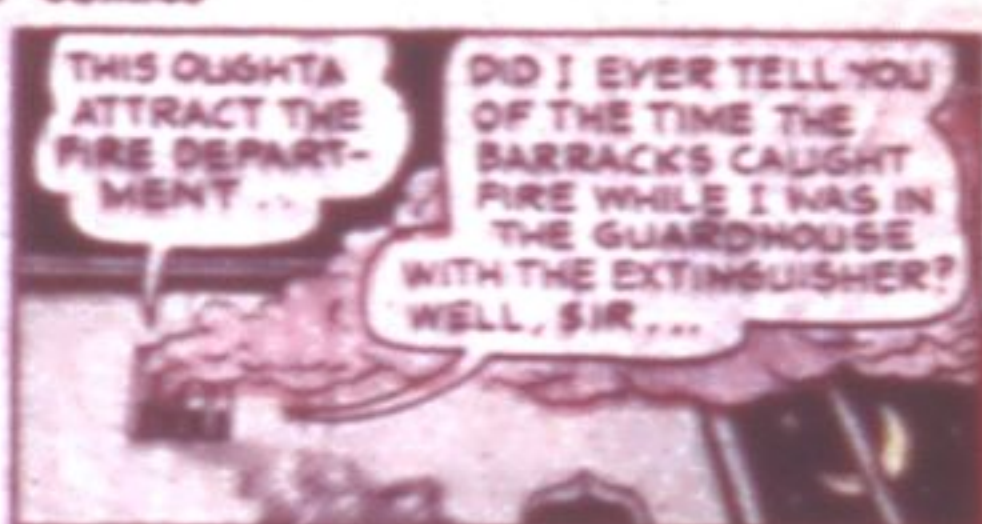


YOU WEEEL KIP WELL EEN THEES CHAMBER UNTIL WE HAF NEED FROM YOU, MESSIEURS!



HERE'S A DEPOSIT ON OUR ROOM AND BOARD!

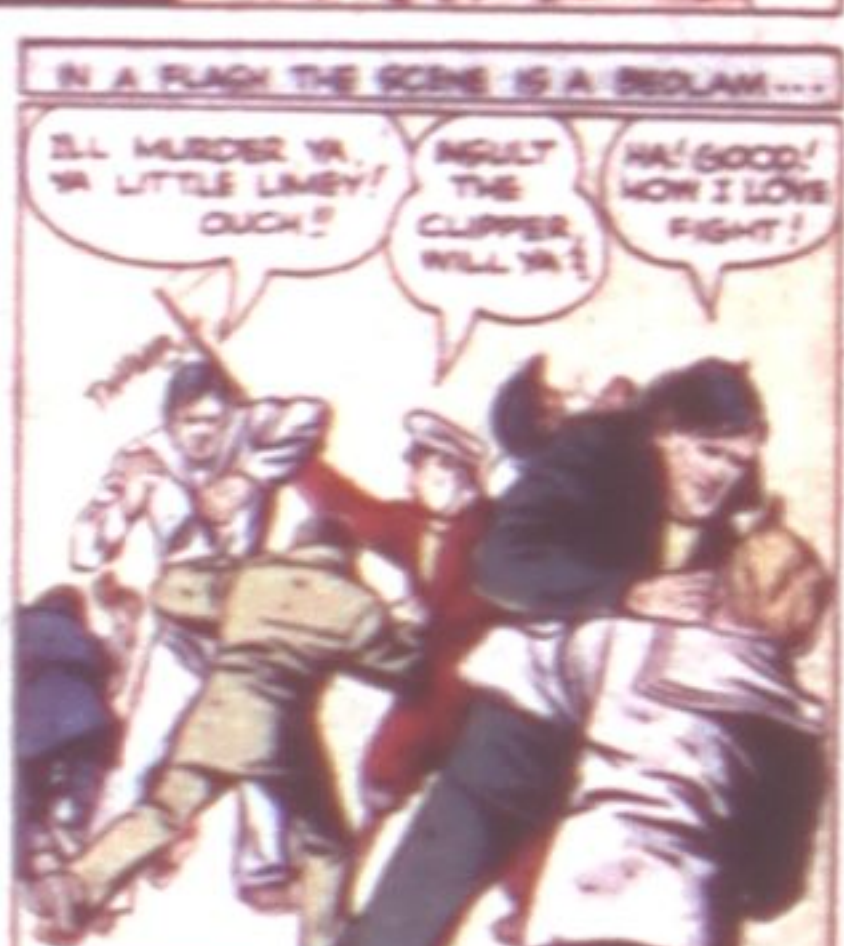




NAVYSTORIES OF NAUTICAL
ACTION BY BOB
Garrett **2**

PHANTOM CLIPPER







AS YE SAY, SON! BUT NOBODY CN INSULT MY SHIP 'N LAUGH IT OFF!

YOU MEN GO BACK TO QUARTERS! I'M ASHAMED OF

SORRY, LIEU-TENANT!





A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE CREW GATHERS ON THE DECK...

SEN... COUNTLESS LIVES AND SHIPS HAVE BEEN LOST AS A RESULT OF THE NAZI DETERMINATION TO RULE THE WORLD! I THINK IT'S TIME THEY AND THEIR STOOGES, JAPAN AND ITALY WERE STOPPED! WHAT DO YOU SAY WE FORM AN ORGANIZATION CALLED THE YANKEE CLIPPERS, AND WITH THIS SHIP DEDICATE OUR LIVES TO FREEING THE SEAS OF TOTALITARIAN VULTURES!!

YAY!

YAHOOOOOO

YOU CAN COUNT ON US!

FOURS LATER IN THE GREY OF EARLY DAWN, A FLEET OF GAILORS APPROACH THE NAVY'S NEWEST DESTROYERS...

HALT! WHO GOES THERE?

WE ARE THE NEW CREW FOR THIS SHIP! WE MUST GO ABOARD!

GIVE THE PASS, SAY, YOU'RE NOT... UGH!

FOOL! NOW HURRY, SEN!

QUICKLY! CAST OFF! HA! HA! WAIT TILL THE STUPID NAVY FINDS WE HAVE STOLEN THEIR FASTEST DESTROYER!

MOMENTS LATER...

ADMIRAL! IT'S GONE! THE NEW DESTROYER!

WHAT! IMPOSSIBLE! GET MY MEN! GET MY PANTS!

BUT IT IS TOO LATE... THE DESTROYER IS UNDER WAY!

THIEVES! SCOUNDRELS! COME BACK WITH THAT SHIP!!

CHARTEURS! THEY... WERE... FOREIGN AGENTS, GR!







Watch for the next sensational episode of Phantom Clipper

NO!.. NO!..
NOT DOT...
ANYONE BUT
DOT!!

HAVE
ZEY
GONE?
...
ER... AM...
I. SAHME
AM A
NAZI
GENERAL



"I STARTED AS A STORM TROOPER
UND I ANNIHILATED ALL ENEMIES OF
DAS REICH LIKE A GOOD NAZI SHOULD.

... UND I BURNED DER BOOKS DAT DER
FUEHRER SAID TAUGHT MEN FREEDOM,
VICH DER FUEHRER SEZ IS VERY BAD..



I. SAHME BURNED MORE BOOKS
DEN ANY OTHER NAZI ...
DEY MAKE ME DER GENERAL...



... UND I LEAD MY TROOPS
AGAINST ALL DER LITTLE
COUNTRIES!.. **ACH! SUCH GLORY!**

UND I WAS HAPPY..UND
DER FUEHRER VUZ
HAPPY, UND DER FUEHRERS
MUSTACHE VUZ HAPPY..
UND EVERYTHING
VUZ ALRIGHT..
UNTIL ZEY COME..
**DER DEATH
PATROL!**



'VUN DAY, ALL-DEE SUDDEN, DEY COME OUT OF DER SKY LIKE NOBODY'S BUSINESS... UND MIT PLANES DAT DEY MAKE DEMSELVES!



DERE VUZ MAYBE A TÖUSANT OF DEM, MAYBE A MILLION... IT SEEMED LIKE DAT ANYONE
But... DERE VUZ ONLY SEVEN...

Und SÜCH Characters Dey Vuz:



DERE VUZ
KING
HOTTINTOT,
AN AFRICAN
CANNIBAL
MIT
HIS
SPEAR!

UND DERE
VUZ
HANK,
DER AMERICAN
CATTLE
RUSTLER
MIT HIS
LASSO!

... UND
FRERE
JACQUES,
VOT A
KID HE
ISS MIT
HIS
SLING-
SHOT!

... UND BORIS,
DER BORSH
EXTER... UND
SUCH A TER-
RIBLE RUSSIAN
HE ISS STRONGER
DEN 10 MEN
UND 2 LITTLE
NAZIS!

... UND MADAM-
DIBELLE FROM
ARMENTIERE
SUCH A BEAUTI-
FUL FRENCH
VOMAY UND
SUCH A
SPIT-FIRE!
HIMMEL!

ALSO DERE
VUZ CHIEF
CHUCKALLUS,
DER VILD
INDIAN
MIT HIS
BOW 'N'
ARROWS!

... DER VORSE OF
ALL VUZ DER NEW
RECRUIT "BOONCH",
DER SOUTH
AMERICAN COW-
BOY MIT HIS
"BOLAZ". YE-AM-AM-AM
I SHAKE VEN I
TINK OF HIM!

SO... VUN I SEE DEM COME I SEND OUT MY BEST TROOPS MIT MACHINE GUNS
UND CANNONS UND BOMBS... UND VOT DO YOU TINK DER DEATH PATROL DOW?

SIGNALS ON!
42-73-86
-NIKE!







AMIGOS... LET
THEM CHASE
US!



SEÑOR BORIS...
HOLD THE DOOR
UND SEÑOR KIM
NOTINTOT HOLD
THE DOOR ON THE
OTHER SIDE... DO
NOT LET THEM OUT!



SEÑOR CHIEF
CHUCKALUS,
YOU DO THE SAME
THING ON THE
OTHER DOOR!



AH... NOW THEY CAN NOTSIE
GET OUT... IF THEY OPEN THE
DOOR... RAT TAT TAT... THEY GET
SHOOT FULL OF HOLES!

HIMMEL!!
WE ARE
TRAPPED!!



CAON PARDONERS!!
WE GOTTA
RUSTLE UP DEL!

"20-000-0000...
DOT 166 VV
DER DEATH
PATROL CAME
TO AMZILAND.
IT VASS TO
RESCUE DER
LEADER
DEL VAN DYNE.

HE VUZ SHOT
ACCIDENTLY
WHILE IMPER-
SONATING DER
FUHRER, UND
HE VUZ LEFT
FOR DEAD. BUT
HE VUZ MUCH
TOO STRONG...
UND HE DID
NOT DIE.
20-0-0, VEN DEY
FIND OUT, DEY
COME BACK TO
GET HIM."



THIS MUST BE
THE PRISON
HOSPITAL!



LET'S LOOK
THROUGH
THESE
WARDEN!



* SUCH A BRAVE AMERICAN VE SHOOT HIM, UND VE SHOOT HIM, UND VE SHOOT HIM, UND STILL HE FIGHTS, BUT MY NAZIS ARE GOOD SHOOTERS UND SOON DEY SHOOT HIM DEAD. BUT OH VOT HE DID TO DEM!...

* DER REST OF DEM GOT AWAY, DER WHOLE THING TOOK ONLY 15 MINUTES, BUT IT LEFT ME IN SUCH A STATE!...

VOT NAFF I DONE TO DESERVE DIS?



BUT I AM NOT AFRAID OF DER DEATH PATROL !!

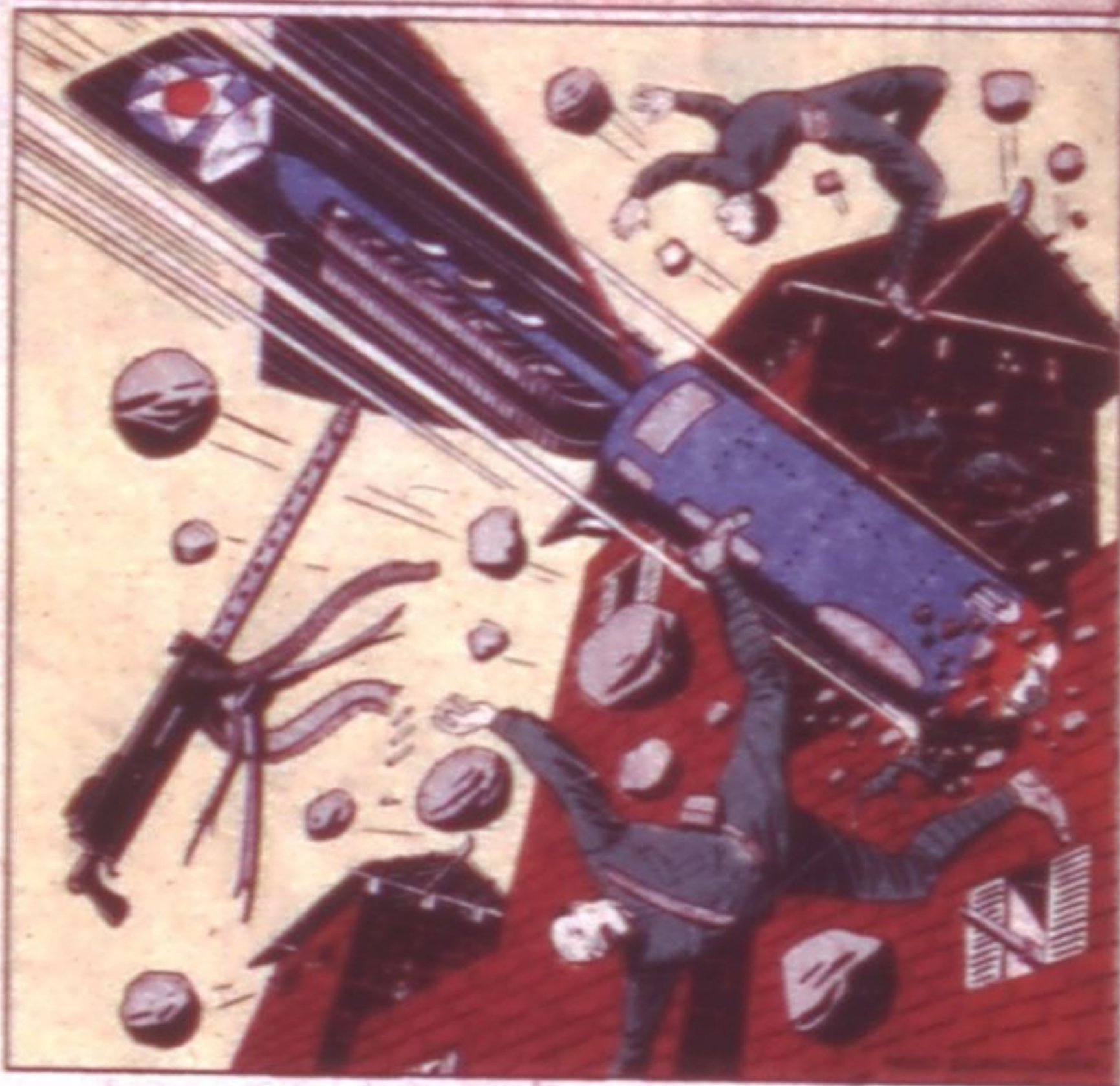
GENERAL... GENERAL GENERAL... DER DEATH PATROL IS COMING AGAIN...

ALL I WANTED TO SAY, WAS, DER DEATH PATROL IS COMING AGAIN NEXT MONTH IN MILITARY COMICS!!



THE BLUE TRACER

THE BLUE TRACER, NEWEST AND DEADLIEST FLYING ENGINE OF WAR, IS DRIVEN BY THE TWO HARD-BITTEN FIGHTING MEN, CAPTAIN BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG JONES.... WAGING CONTINUAL WAR ON THE OPPRESSOR NATIONS, THEY AID THE CHINESE AGAINST THE JAPANESE, BY SMASHING AT THE ENEMY FORTIFICATIONS AT CAPTURED KOKO NOR...



CONTINUING ITS LOOPING DIVE, THE BLUE TRACER RISES ABOVE ITS DAMAGED TARGET...

WE GOT A COUPLE OF THEIR MACHINE GUNS!



AND LEAVES THE JAPS ANGRY AND BEWILDERED!

THE BLUE TRACER! IT COMES AND GOES BEFORE WE KNOW WHAT'S HAPPENED!



NICKNAMED THE "YELLOW BUTCHER OF KOKO NOR" THE JAP GENERAL MUKI ZU GIVES VENT TO HIS RAGE!

ORDER ONE HUNDRED HOSTAGES EXECUTED AT ONCE—WE'LL SHOW THEM!



THE GENERAL'S ORDERS ARE CARRIED OUT...

FIRE!!



AND A PILE OF BROKEN BODIES IS THE BUTCHER'S TRADEMARK!



MEANWHILE THE BLUE TRACER FLIES ON.

WELL, BILL-WE'VE HAD A LOOK AT KOKO NOR! WHAT DO YOU THINK?



WE'LL HAVE TO TRY TO RECAPTURE IT FOR THE CHINESE, BOOMERANG...AND WIPE OUT THE YELLOW BUTCHER. HE AND HIS JAPANESE SOLDIERS ARE ALREADY SURROUNDED...



BUT HE GETS HIS SUPPLIES THROUGH BY AIR. WHENEVER THE CHINESE ATTACK HE SHOTS HOSTAGES FOR REPRISAL. HE MUST BE STOPPED!



LATER AT A MEETING PLACE "SOMEWHERE IN CHINA" BILL AND BOOMERANGS CONFER WITH A CHINESE GENERAL.

THIS IS OUR PLAN TO CAPTURE THE CITY...

WE'LL ATTACK AT ONCE!



THAT NIGHT BILL DRIVES THE BLUE TRACER OVERLAND TO: WARD KOKO NOR.

KEEP BEHIND THE HILL!



ACROSS THE PLAIN THEY SEE THE WALLED CITY, LAIR OF MUKI ZU.

THIS IS NEAR ENOUGH FOR THE ADVANCE TO START!



NOISELESSLY THE CHINESE SOLDIERS CREEP UP TO THE FORBIDDING WALLS OF KOKO NOR.



WITH THE AID OF THE BLUE TRACER, WE'LL RE-TAKE THE CITY AND RESCUE OUR HONORABLE PARENTS AND FRIENDS!

AM / YES-BUT THE FIGHTING WILL BE HARD AND BLOODY!



AS PRE-ARRANGED IN THEIR PLANS, THE SOLDIERS LEAVE AN OPEN, STRAIGHT PATH, FROM THE BLUE TRACER TO THE HIGH WALLS OF THE ORIENTAL CITY.

THEY ARE READY FOR US TO ATTACK.



QUICKLY THE TWO MEN GET THE MOTOR RAMPED UP.

SOUNDS OK!



THE BLUE TRACER RUMBLES FORWARD OVER THE HILL...

YELLOW BUTCHER HERE WE COME!



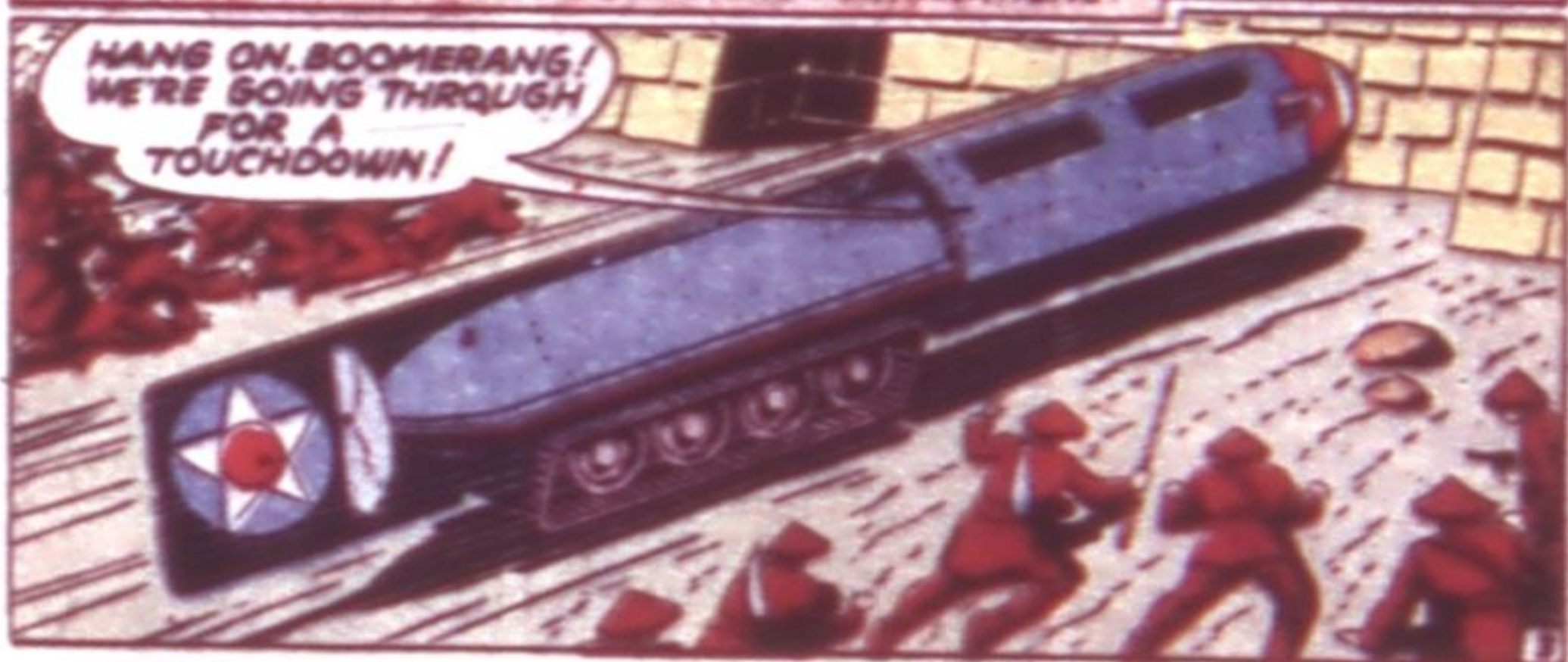
AND PICKING UP SPEED STARTS DOWN THE LANE LEFT OPEN BY THE TROOPS!

LET 'ER RIP!



FOLDING ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS, THE BLUE TRACER RESEMBLES A HUGE TORPEDO, AS IT CHARGES TOWARD THE IMPREGNABLE STONE FORTIFICATIONS!

HANG ON, BOOMERANG! WE'RE GOING THROUGH FOR A TOUCHDOWN!



WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH THE METAL MACHINE
SMASHES INTO THE WALL...



AND BATTERS ITS WAY INTO THE HEART OF
THE SURPRISED CITY!



IMMEDIATELY THE CHINESE
SOLDIERS DASH FORWARD.



THEY SWARM INTO THE HOLE
MADE BY THE BLUE TRACER
BEFORE THE STARTLED JAPS
HAVE A CHANCE TO OPEN FIRE.



BILL AND BOOMERANG PILE
OUT OF THEIR ENGINE AND
WITH BLAZING AUTOMATICS JOIN
THEIR CHINESE ALLIES!



IN A FIERCE HAND TO HAND FIGHT, THE JAPS ARE ROUTED!



FROM A CAPTURED INVADER
THEY FIND THE WHEREABOUTS
OF THE YELLOW BUTCHER.



BILL DASHES INTO THE TOWER
POINTED OUT BY THE PRISONER.



FROM THE TOP OF THE BUILDING
GENERAL ZU SEES HIS GARRISON
DEFEATED.



A SHOWER OF BULLETS FROM
ABOVE RAINS DEATH AMONG
THE EXPOSED CHINESE SOLDIERS!



MEANWHILE BILL MAKES HIS
WAY UP THE RICKETY STAIRS...



AND BURSTS UPON THE YELLOW
BUTCHER!



BUT THE CRAFTY ONE-EYED
JAP WHIRLS HIS BLAZING
MACHINE GUN!



IN THE NICK OF TIME BILL
DUCKS BEHIND A WOODEN
SUPPORT!



HA, HA! THAT WON'T
SAVE YOU - I'LL SOON
CUT THAT PILLAR IN
HALF!



BY CLIMBING ON ONE OF THE ROOF TOPS BOOMERANG JONES IS ABLE TO SPOT THE BATTLE IN THE TOWER!

MUKI ZU'S GOT BILL CORNERED!



HE'S RIGHT BEHIND THAT BATTLEMENT. ONLY MY BOOMERANG WILL REACH HIM!



WITHOUT HESITATION BOOMERANG EXPERTLY HEAVES HIS NATIVE AUSTRALIAN WEAPON!

HERE GOES!



THE BOOMERANG SAILS UP AND OVER THE WALL...

AND THUS AGAINST GENERAL MUKI'S EXPOSED NECK!

BILL DASHES FORWARD!



A TERRIFIC AMERICAN HAYMAKER K.O.S THE GENERAL AND THE BATTLE FOR HOKO NOR IS OVER!

WITH THEIR CITY WON BACK THE GRATEFUL CHINESE EXPRESS THEIR THANKS TO BILL AND BOOMERANG



CHINA WILL ALWAYS BE INDEBTED TO YOUR GREAT BLUE TRACER-NOW LET'S HAVE A BANQUET OF AMERICAN CHOP SUEY!



EXOTIC!
BEAUTIFUL!!



BUT DEADLY!!
THE
SHE-WOLF OF THE
JAVA SEA



MILITARY COMICS IS PROUD TO PRESENT THE FIRST IN A SERIES OF STORIES DEDICATED TO THE AMERICAN HEROES OF THE PRESENT WORLD CONFLICT. IN ACCORDANCE WITH GOVERNMENTAL POLICY, ALL NAMES USED IN THESE STORIES MUST NECESSARILY REMAIN FICTITIOUS.

On the momentous dawn of December 7, 1941, great battleships and their smaller sisters rocked gently at anchor in Pearl Harbor. All was quiet. A few solitary sentries paced their watches wearily, watching the eastern sky slowly lighten. And deep below the decks of one of the ships, unaware that in a few hours his name would be known to every member of the United States Fleet, lay Johnny Bates, sound asleep and dreaming of home.

Johnny's home is in Georgia. What prompted him, a product of the Georgia hills, to choose the Navy as his branch of the service, even Johnny doesn't know. But there he was, on the other side of the world, and still

so new to the Navy he could hardly stay in his hammock.

As Johnny dreamed, he seemed to be sitting on the old front porch again, looking out over the summer haze in the hills. But Johnny was annoyed. A bee was buzzing somewhere near, and it seemed to be growing louder all the time. Johnny had never heard such a bee, and now people seemed to be shouting close by. Johnny turned to look for the commotion, and boom—something hit him alongside the head—and he woke up sitting on the cold steel deck of a battleship!

All about him startled, sleepy men were tumbling out of hammocks, shouting, grumbling.

And above all rose an earsplitting din of explosions. As Johnny leaped to his feet, the noise was pierced by the familiar shriek of a whistle, and a calm voice called, "Battle stations—battle stations!"

As he leaped into a semblance of uniform, Johnny's first thought was that he'd been through all this before—just another air raid drill. But an explosion that almost knocked him off his feet soon changed that notion. This was the real thing! The shock of realization left him completely awake. As he raced to his station, Johnny felt a cold lump form in his stomach. He had always wondered what it would feel like to go into an actual battle, and now

he knew. He felt like he had swallowed a bowling ball.

As Johnny hit the deck, the din of explosions became overwhelming. Looking around, he saw fire in all directions. Several ships near by were burning, and great flames roared somewhere on the shore. And then, above, Johnny saw the cause—great flights of black Japanese bombers roared overhead. Smaller planes screamed down as if trying to smash into the ships below, and then, releasing their packages of death, whined in agony as they pulled out of their dives.

The bowling ball grew bigger in Johnny's stomach. Somehow he managed to take his place as gun-pointer on one of the big anti-aircraft guns, hang on grimly as explosions rocked the ship while the crew loaded the gun, and do his part in aiming the gun at a flight of slow moving heavy bombers high above. But the crew never got a chance to fire. Johnny heard an earsplitting roar, gaped in surprise as the man next to him sank to his knees, and whirled on his stool to stare directly into the blazing guns of an enemy plane hurtling toward him.

Johnny was too paralyzed to move. He sat, seemingly in a daze, as all about him men dropped in the rain of bullets. And suddenly the plane was gone, and Johnny was alone, somehow unhurt among the dead

bodies of his gun crew. For a moment he looked down at the still figures, and then a terrible, cold anger lifted him off the stool. He knew now what to do—and the story of his doing it will live as long as there's a Navy man to tell it.

Johnny Bates handled that big gun all alone. With the fury of a madman, but never losing



his head, he raced around the gun. He pointed it, sighted, fired, and then went after another shell. And in his fury, he had even the presence of mind to realize that at the rate he could manage, he could never hope to hit the flashing dive bombers which still were attacking his ship. Coolly, he aimed for the big, lumbering flights of heavy bombers, and there are some

who claimed he scored many a hit. Johnny doesn't know—he was too busy running for the next shell.

In his courageous race to keep up the fire-power of his gun, Johnny never knew when the bomb that wrecked the gun landed. Men at other stations, until now unaware of Johnny's actions, were knocked flat by a tremendous concussion, and as they picked themselves up, they saw only a smoking, twisted mass of steel where Johnny's gun had been. But suddenly one of them shouted, and pointed over-side. And there was Johnny, blackened from head to foot, clothes and hair burned away, but again miraculously without serious injury, swimming as fast as he could to get back to the ship.

And then the thing happened that will be making sailors on down through the years grin proudly to be part of the American Navy. Willing hands pulled Johnny out of the oily water, and gently helped him to the deck. But even as an officer ordered Johnny to be taken to the sick bay, the battered figure began staggering steadily toward the gaping hole that had once been an anti-aircraft gun. And as several men seized him, and gently but firmly began to lead him toward the sick bay, Johnny was heard to say in a surprised, hurt Southern drawl, "Hey, cut it off, fellas! Ah didn't bag me a dive-bomber yet!"

INFERIOR MAN

By
A. J. JONES

BANGTOWN CRIER
JAP SPIES EVERYWHERE.. BEWARE!!
IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD EVEN, LURK...

POTATOES, BANANA, TOMATOES!!
VELY CHEEP

SHLINE?



AS THE NATIONAL EMERGENCY BECAME ACUTE, DRAFT BOARDS WERE FLOODED. ALL ARMY PERSONNEL WERE KEPT BUSY...

...AND WHO COULD POSSIBLY BE BUSIER THAN A QUARTERMASTER? THAT'S HOW WE FIND COURTNEY FUDD...

...HE IS SO BUSILY ENAGED THAT HE DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE THE LITTLE CREATURES AT THE END OF THE LINE...



AND SO OUR OWN ARMY BECOMES INFESTED WITH SPIES...



IS IT ANY WONDER THEN THAT OUR COUNTRY IS SEIZED WITH A CONTINUOUS WAVE OF SABOTAGE...





This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from British Information Bureau

SECRET PASSAGE TO CHINA FRONT

TRUE STORY OF BOMBERS' JOURNEY TO A WAR

This is the story of the life and death of American-made bombers on the Chinese front. The source is absolutely unimpeachable. The bombers were Lockheed Lodestars, which, in the R.A.F., are transformed into their hard-working Hudsons. The Chinese have a name for them, but it cannot be translated as there is no English equivalent!

NEW YORK CITY... AT TIMES SQUARE, YOUR CORRESPONDENT MEETS A FRIEND HE HAS NOT SEEN FOR A LONG TIME...

WELL, I'LL BE...
HELLO, BILL...
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING IN
THIS CITY, YOU
SON OF A GUN

HELLO, NAT...
STILL IN THE
WRITING
GAME



LISTEN, NAT... I HAVE
A SWELL YARN FOR
YOU!... COME, LET'S
HAVE LUNCH, BUT I'M
HOST, REMEMBER

OKAY



I'VE JUST BEEN PROMOTED TO
THE RANK OF MAJOR IN THE
CHINESE AIR FORCE... I'M HERE
TO SEE THAT NEW MARTIN
BOMBERS REACH CHUNGKING.
WHY, LAST TIME...



"LAST TIME WE LOADED ENOUGH LOCKHEED LODESTARS TO FORM A PUKKA BOMBING SQUADRON"

HERE'S THE CHIT, ALL OKAYED... WE'LL DO THE REST, EH, WANG?

THIS UNWORTHY ONE WILL SEE BOMBERS REACH RANGOON



"WE SAILED THROUGH THE BIG DITCH TOWARD THE NETHERLAND INDIES..."



"AT TORRES STRAITS"

IS DESPICABLE JAPANESE DESTROYER OF ATAGO CLASS!



"I RAN TO THE RADIO SHACK"

SEND AN S.O.S. BEFORE THE JAPS JAM THE AIR...!!

WILL DO HONORABLE ONE!



SO THEY THINK S.O.S. WILL SAVE THEM, EH!... WE'LL SINK THEIR CURSED SHIP...!!



"WE HAD A CLOSE SHAVE THAT DAY! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR A NAVY PET FROM MANILA, THAT JAP TIN CAN WOULD'VE SUNK US...!!"



"AFTER THE JAP DESTROYER CHANGED ITS MIND, WE STEAMED WITHOUT INCIDENT TO THE PORT OF RANGOON..."



"THEN MOTOR TUGS PULLED BARGES - LOADED WITH OUR BOMBERS UP THE IRRRAWADDY RIVER TO MANDALAY WHERE A FLEET OF AMERICAN-MADE TRUCKS WAITED TO TAKE US OVER THE BURMA ROAD"



"WE DROVE DAY AND NIGHT ALONG THE BURMA ROAD, STOPPING ONLY TO REFUEL AND EAT..."

DON'T YOU EVER SLEEP, CHEN?

LIFE OF THIS UNWORTHY ONE BELONGS TO MOTHER CHINA



"AND IN A VILLAGE NEAR LIKIANG

EXCELLENT ONE, REGRET TO REPORT ENEMY BOMBERS ON WAY

WELL, WE'LL SPREAD OUT AND TAKE OUR CHANCES



"THE BOMBERS CAME... THEY WERE MITSUBISHIS..."



"THOSE BOMBERS COULDN'T MISS US... AND THEY DIDN'T..."



"THE TRUCK BEHIND US WAS BLOWN CLEAR OFF THE MOUNTAIN... A THOUSAND FOOT DROP!"



"WE WERE GETTING READY FOR A ROUGH TIME, WHEN A FLIGHT OF CURTISS HAWKS HOWLED DOWN THE CANYON"



"...CAUGHT IN THE NARROW SPACE, THE JAPS DIDN'T HAVE MUCH CHANCE, ALTHOUGH SOME ESCAPED"



"AT LAST WE ARRIVED AT LIKIANG, WHERE OUR AIR BASE WAS"



"AFTER THE MECHANICS ASSEMBLED THE BOMBERS, I FORMED AND HELPED TRAIN THE NEW SQUADRON...."



"WHEN WE WERE IN FIRST CLASS SHAPE, WE RECEIVED OUR BATTLE ORDERS...."

WHEW!... WE FLY TO A GUERRILLA CAMP BEHIND THE JAP LINES!



"WE TOOK OFF LATE IN THE AFTERNOON..."



"... AND ARRIVED AT THE CAMP AT NIGHT, WHERE THE SHIPS WERE RE-FUELED"



WHAT ARE THE ORDERS, COLONEL WONG?

THESE SEALED ORDERS GIVE YOU FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS!



"WE WERE OFF AGAIN PROMPTLY AT MIDNIGHT"



"I HAD A GREAT SHOCK WHEN I READ THE SEALED ORDERS!!"

THIS IS SOME STUNT, IF WE COME OUT ALIVE...! SHANGHAI FIRST, LUNG....!!

WILL SET THE COURSE NOW, HONORED PILOT



"A HOT RECEPTION COMMITTEE AWAITED US AS WE NEARED SHANGHAI....!!"



NOTIFY ALL OUR PLANES TO CLIMB HIGHER!...IT ISN'T THE ACK-ACK FIRE WE'RE GETTING NOW...I HEARD THOSE BABIES HAVE BOFORS GUNS!!



"YOU SEE, BOFORS GUNS DON'T SHOOT FLAMING ORIONS...THEY SHOOT SHELLS THREE MILES IN THE AIR... SILENT SHELLS THAT WILL BLOW A CRATE TO BITS...."



"THEY GOT ONE OF OUR KITES... YU-CHING AND HIS GANG...."



TAKE THE CONTROLS... WE'RE OVER SHANGHAI...!! KEEP 'ER OUT OF THE RANGE OF THOSE BOFORS SHELLS...!!



"BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WE HAD TO DROP PROPAGANDA LEAFLETS!... 'MORNING NEWSPAPERS' FOR THE JAPS"

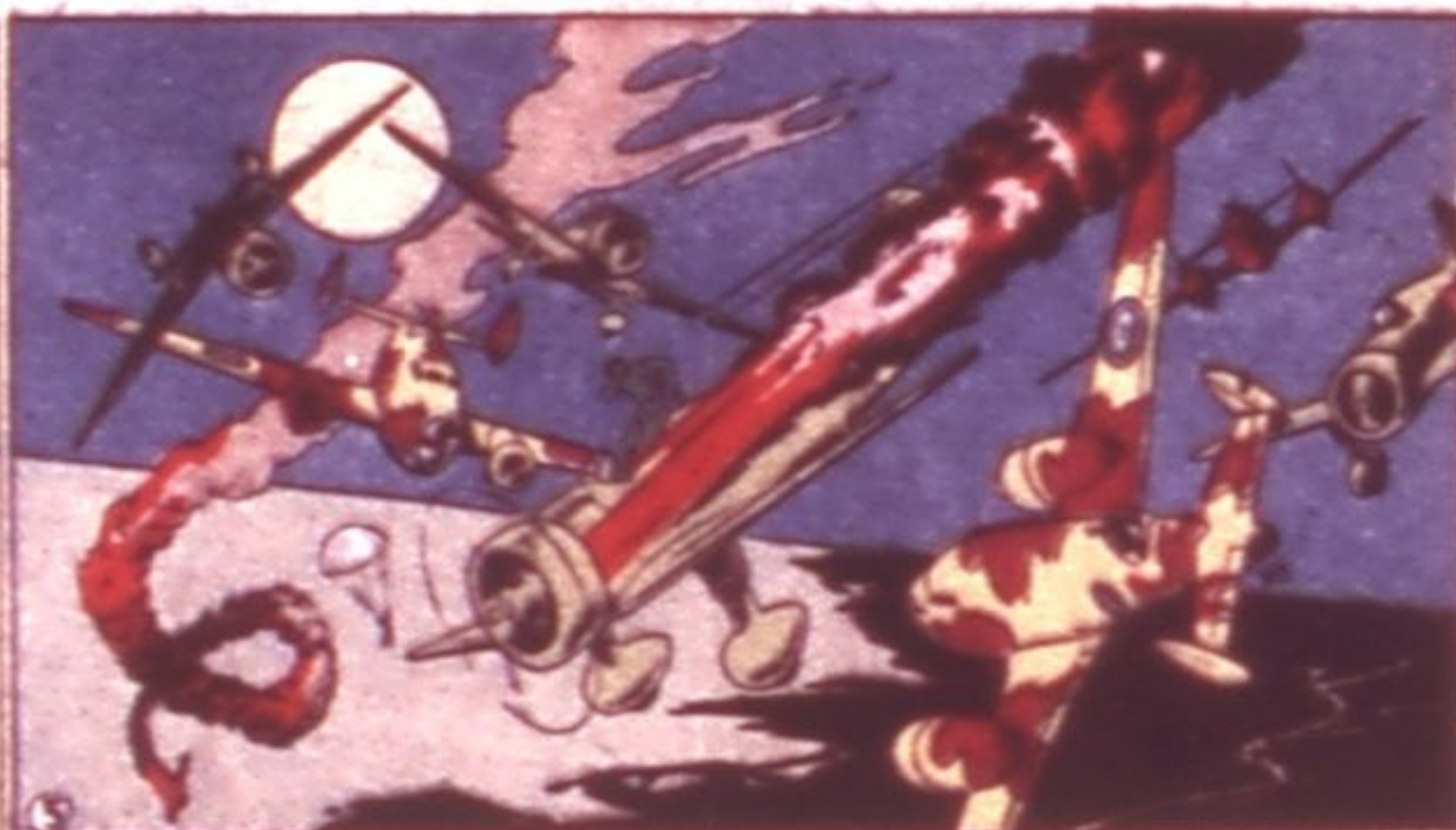


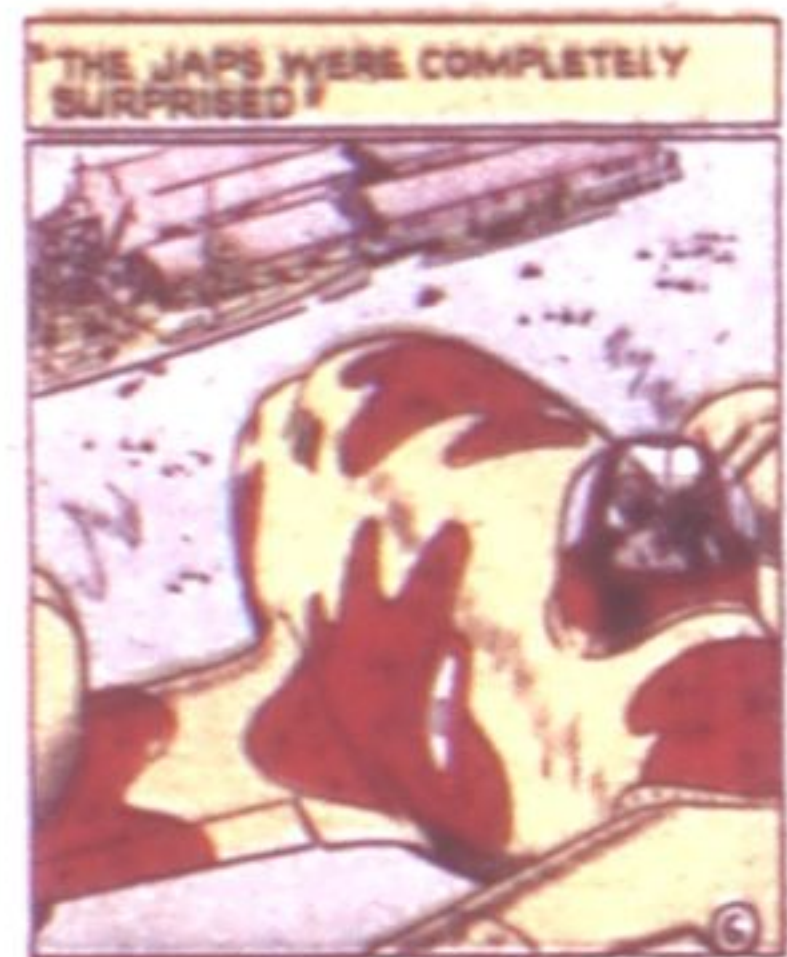
EXCELLENT ONE...ACK-ACK FIRE HAS CEASED!

THAT MEANS THEY'RE SEND-
ING PURSUITS UP



"EVEN WITH THE AID OF MOONLIGHT, WE DIDN'T LOCATE THE JAP PURSUIT SHIPS UNTIL THEY LANDED ON US...THEY WERE KARIGANES, WHICH ARE PRETTY GOOD SHIPS...."





"WHEN WE PULLED OUT OF OUR DIVE, WE FOUND OURSELVES OVER THE JAP'S BASE AIRPORT! KAMIKAZE PURSUITS WERE TAKING OFF TO INTERCEPT US SO WE SLAMMED INTO THEM...."



"...BUT WE COULDN'T STOP ALL OF THEM AND IN A FEW MINUTES WE WERE FIGHTING FOR OUR LIVES...."



"THE JAPS GOT THE OTHER BOYS... THEY DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE...."

"AN EXPLOSIVE SHELL HIT THE PORT MOTOR OF MY SHIP... THE FRAGMENTS OF SHELL AND MOTOR RIPPED THROUGH THE COCKPIT, KILLING MY CO-PILOT AND WOUNDING ME.... I WAS SO DIZZY I

DIDN'T KNOW WHETHER I WAS FLYING OR WALKING!"



"...BUT WE ESCAPED!... WITH ONE DEAD MOTOR AND THE SHIP SHOT TO PIECES, WE LIMPED BACK TO THE GUERRILLA CAMP."

"THEN A SHORTED WIRE IN THAT SMASHED ENGINE IGNITED THE GAS LEAKING OUT OF THE WING TANK...."

"TOO LATE, I DISCOVERED ONLY ONE WHEEL WOULD LOWER!! I'VE HIT WITH A CRASH...."



HANG ON, LUNG... I'M GONNA TRY TO LAND 'ER...!!



"OUT OF ALL THE TRAINED CREWS AND PLANES THAT HAD STARTED ON OUR MISSION, MY NAVIGATOR, LUNG, AND I WERE THE ONLY ONES TO SURVIVE... AND WE WERE LUCKY!"



"OUR FRIENDS, THE GUERRILLAS, FINALLY FOUND US..."



"...AND WITH THEIR HELP WE PASSED THROUGH THE JAP LINES BACK TO THE CHINESE SIDE."



THE JAPS DON'T ACKNOWLEDGE THE BATTLESHIP'S DAMAGE, BUT WE LEFT IT A WRECK...!!

WHAT ABOUT CHUNKING?



CHUNKING SENT OUT A COMMUNIQUE... THEY CALLED THE RAID A ROUTINE RECONNAISSANCE OF NO PARTICULAR IMPORTANCE.

GOOD GRIEF!



MARK MY WORDS, A NEW CHINA IS BEING BORN, A DEMOCRATIC AND FIGHTING CHINA, WHO REFUSES TO BE BEATEN....!!



MILITARY COMICS PRESENTS
a NEW stamp issue!!!

UNITED STATES HERO STAMP

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FIERY HEROISM OF OUR PILOTS DURING THOSE FIRST DARK DAYS AT PEARL HARBOR, MILITARY COMICS WILL EACH MONTH PRESENT A NEW ALL-AMERICAN HERO STAMP..... THIS MONTH WE SALUTE CAPTAIN COLIN KELLY!! IN COMMAND OF THE BOMBER THAT SANK THE "HAGUNA", HE DIED WHEN THE PLANE CRASHED IN FLAMES, AFTER ORDERING THE REST OF THE CREW OUT IN PARACHUTES!!!



THE ATLANTIC PATROL

NIGHT, OCT. 18-19, THE U.S. NAVY IS ESCORTING A CONVOY IN U.S. WATERS.

ON BOARD THE U.S.S. KEARNEY ON CONVOY DUTY

DISTRESS SIGNAL FROM ANOTHER CONVOY, SIR... A U-BOAT ATTACK

GET THE COURSE... FULL SPEED AHEAD!



THE KEARNEY SLASHES THROUGH THE CHOPPY SEAS TO HELP THE CONVOY...



THERE'S THE CONVOY, OFF THE PORT BOW



SIGHTING A MERCHANT SHIP UNDER TORPEDO ATTACK, THE KEARNEY DROPS A PATTERN OF DEPTH CHARGES AROUND HER...



THREE TORPEDO TRACKS AHEAD!



BECAUSE THE TORPEDOES ARE SPREAD OUT FANWISE, THE KEARNEY IS UNABLE TO AVOID ALL OF THEM AND SHE CRASHES INTO HER STARBOARD SIDE AMIDSHIP.



BUT BECAUSE THE MAIN FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION BLASTS UP THRU THE FUNNEL AND DECK, THE DESTROYER MANAGES TO STAY AFLOAT...



AND MAKES PORT IN ICELAND!



THE KEARNEY'S LAST ACT OF THE ATLANTIC PATROL...

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RED RYDER OFFICIAL STANDING POSITION



RED RYDER ANYTHING POSITION



RED RYDER PRONE POSITION... BODY AT 45° ANGLE TO TARGET. SPINE IS STRAIGHT



NOTE THAT RED'S ELBOWS ARE UNDER BODY—CHEST OFF GROUND

KEEP YOUR TOES OUT, LITTLE BEAVER! IT WILL STEADY YOU



RED TELLS LITTLE BEAVER HOW

PLENTY GOOD FUN SHOOTIN' TARGET YOU BETCHUM!



AND I WISH EVERY BOY IN THE WORLD COULD TRY SHOOTIN' MY CARBINE!



RED RYDER'S COWBOY SHOOTING LESSON
These pictures showing cowboy shooting positions were specially drawn for Daisy and you by Fred Harman who used to punch cattle on the Colorado Range before he came to New York. Now Fred creates and draws the popular N.Y.A. newspaper cartoon "Red Ryder" (and Little Beaver) for the "Coke" (Coca-Cola) and "The New York Times". Fred Harman helped Daisy design the western-style cowboy outfit.

SHOOT The Famous 1000-SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLEIGH, INC., N.Y.

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